

"Poor things, how do they ever get a good drink!" exclaimed one of the two little maids, whose heart was always open lovingly to animals.

"The shepherd sees to that, doesn't he?" said the other timidly, with earnest eyes set on our guest.

His face beamed with winsome relish of these tributes to his success. "Yes, the sheep would indeed have a hard time finding water to drink, were it not that the shepherd sees to that."

The playfulness faded from his eyes and the shadow of manhood's years was there as he said to me: "Brother, you and I have learned how much is in that question and answer. How should we get the refreshment we need in the rough world, if the Shepherd did not see to that? But he does, he does!"

His face brightened again as he